

346 *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, the Braves, and the All Crazy Dogs approach. Each band sings four songs, and then they raise the lodge amid the shouting of the people. It is said that, in old times, all the bands of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi* took part in this ceremony. For raising the centre post, which is very heavy, lodge poles are tied in pairs, with rawhide, so as to form [777] "shears," each pair being handled by two men. If one of the ropes binding the shears breaks, the men who hold the pair are said to be unlucky; it is thought that they are soon to die. As soon as the centre post is up, the wall posts are erected, and the roof of poles put on, the whole structure being covered with brush. The door-way faces east or southeast, and the lodge is circular in shape, about forty feet in diameter, with walls about seven feet high.

Inside the Medicine Lodge, at the back, or west side, in the principal place in the lodge, is now built a little box-shaped house, about seven feet high, six feet long, and four wide. It is made of brush, so tightly woven that one [756] cannot see inside of it. This is built by a medicine man, the high priest of this ceremony, who, for four days, the duration of the ceremony, neither eats nor goes out of it in the daytime. The people come to him, two at a time, and he paints them with black, and makes for them an earnest prayer to the Sun, that they may have good health, long [821] lives, and good food and shelter. This man is supposed to have power over the rain. As rain would interfere with the ceremonies, he must stop it, if it threatens.

796 In the meantime, the sacred dried tongues have been placed in the Medicine Lodge. The next morning, the [782] Medicine Lodge woman leaves her own lodge, and, walking very slowly with bowed head, and praying at every step, she enters the Medicine Lodge, and, standing by the pile of tongues, she cuts up one of them and holds it toward heaven, offering it to the Sun; then she eats a part of it and buries the rest in the dirt, praying to the Ground Man, and calling

THE BLACKFEET

[ca. 1850]

515 There was a women's society among the Blood and Northern
[184] Blackfoot tribes which was unknown among the Piegans. Its
515 members were wives of the most highly respected men in their
716 tribes. Prior to the sun dance in summer, members of this Matoki
society built a ceremonial lodge which resembled a buffalo corral,
and on the final day of their four-day ritual re-enacted the drive
of buffalo into the corral. Some of the members wore buffalo
headdresses and mimicked the actions of buffalo.¹²

228 The aged were no longer abandoned on the plains as had been
[761] the common lot of enfeebled old people before the Blackfeet
[718] acquired horses. If an old man or woman was too feeble to ride
alone, he or she was carried on the A-shaped horse travois. If
the head of a family knew he was about to die, he called his
relatives together and told them how he wished his horses and
other property divided among them. If he died without having
made such a verbal will, the other people in camp made a run
for his property as soon as they heard his relatives weeping and
wailing. Men ran for his horses; women went for his household
equipment. The men might take all his best horses and leave
the poorest ones for his widow. Close relatives of the deceased,
preoccupied with mourning his loss, made no attempt to prevent
this raid on his property. Custom decreed that they should not
do so. These raids were made with particular relish upon the
property of a man of wealth who had had a reputation for miser-
liness during his lifetime.

763 No such action followed the death of a highly respected, gen-
764 erous leader. His lodge interior was carefully arranged just as it
had been when he had entertained prominent guests. His body
was dressed in his finest clothing and laid upon a raised platform
of poles in the center of his lodge. Then his relatives painted
simple representations of his brave war deeds on his favorite
horse, braided its mane and tail and tied feathers in them, and
placed his best saddle on the horse's back. In the presence of
all the people of the camp this horse and others to be sacrificed
were led to the door of the death lodge. Each in turn was shot

¹² *Ibid.*, 430-35.

primitive custom of providing the dead with objects thought to be useful to them in the afterlife. 771

Cropping the mane and tail of a dead man's horse or horses provided a method of honoring the dead without sacrificing valuable property. Probably it was much more common among Plains and Plateau tribes than the few, scattered references in the literature indicate. The wealthy Comanche and the Chiricahua Apache cut the manes and tails of those horses of the deceased man which had not been killed at the grave (Parker, 1855, p. 685; Opler, 1940, p. 474). Sarsi clipped the hair of horses that belonged to a warrior killed in battle (Jenness, 1938, p. 39). Flathead considered their mourning period for the dead ended when the clipped mane and tail of the dead man's horse grew out (Turney-High, 1937, p. 146). Other tribes reported to have cut the manes and tails of dead men's horses were the Plains Cree (Mandelbaum, 1940, p. 250), Assiniboin (Lowie, 1909, p. 42), Crow (Leonard, 1904, p. 271), Teton Dakota (Dorsey, 1894, p. 487), and Lemhi Shoshoni (Lowie, 1909, p. 215). 764 771 765 771

DISPOSAL OF HORSES AFTER THE DEATH OF OWNER

If the head of a Blackfoot family knew he was about to die he called his relatives together and told them how he wished his horses and other property divided among them, designating which items were to be received by each relative. If a man died without a verbal will procedures differed. His eldest son, or other close relative might take charge of the distribution of the property. However, a distant relative, angered at being left out of consideration, might help himself to a horse without its being reclaimed by the one to whom it was allotted. 763 428

I asked particularly about the distribution of the great herd of Many Horses, wealthiest of Blackfoot horse owners, after he and his favorite wife were murdered by the Gros Ventres in the summer of 1866. Lazy Boy said that after the battle between the Piegan and Gros Ventres, which followed shortly after the discovery of Many Horses' body, the Piegan erected a death lodge for Many Horses, and his eldest daughters selected more than 10 of his favorite horses to be killed before the burial lodge. Later Lazy Boy's father, Calf Looking, a band chief in the Piegan camp, took charge of the distribution of Many Horses' herd. Many Horses' eldest daughter instructed him to divide the horses among the three surviving wives, the several daughters, and one son of the deceased chief. After each received a sizable herd, she asked that the rest of the horses be given to the people. Every member of Many Horses' band received a horse and some persons outside the band also got one. 768

THE SOCIAL COMPLEX

159

remain the honoured and respected heads of extended families whose lives are not chaotic. The residuals of a broken household rejoin their more stable relatives, while the new household, if not already provided with a residence, joins another group of relatives. 592

Death furnishes a final point where social disorganization may occur. It is faced today by some with terror, by others with equanimity. This seems to depend upon whether the dying person is mainly Christian or Blackfoot in outlook. Christians, uncertain of the future and concerned with the process of moral retribution, contrast with the Blackfoot who have no idea of atonement, for the mythical Sand Hills are considered a haven where good and bad alike are welcomed by their deceased kinsmen. 761 [175]

As death approaches, relatives gather around the dying person to bid him farewell. The immediate kin usually remain until the end, while others come and go. All are expected to help defray the cost of a funeral. Sometimes in the last hours a priest will be summoned to baptize a person of Indian faith, just as a kind of insurance. 763

After the last breath the formalities of mourning begin. In former times the nearest kin would don old clothes, cut their hair, and gash themselves with a knife. Old clothes and dishevelled appearance still obtain, and a mourner is vigilantly guarded by kinsmen to prevent serious self-injury. In the meanwhile others are dispatched to get the coffin, arrange for the burial service, and dig the grave. The corpse is attired in best raiment.

Funerals follow a simplified white pattern suffused with Indian custom. Rather than leave the coffin in the open or under a tipi, burial has been adopted to forestall grave robbers. There are no white prayers at the grave, but as the coffin is lowered, an intense wailing begins by all spectators. Kinsmen who heap the earth on top of the coffin receive special gifts. Once, a few years ago, however, a man received special supernatural powers in a dream to handle corpses and bury them, and he took no payment for his services. 764 [167]

The subsequent mourning follows the Blackfoot pattern. If the deceased is a key member of a household, especially a spouse, all unwilld possessions to the last packet of cigarettes are given away because the sight of these articles could only increase the pain of separation by reminding one constantly of the deceased. If a sibling, a child, or aged person dies, the mourning is not so intense, and the useful household effects remain in the hands of the mourners. In any case some kind of give-away with many people present is 765 768

The Old Ways of Doctoring

You can get some idea of our Old Ways of doctoring from this brief account of an actual case, taken from the writings of Joe Beebe. 115

The most peculiar thing I ever witnessed in the way of Indian witchery was when an old Medicine-man used the Weasel Test on a very sick man to find out if he was going to die or pull through. The sick man was near the end. He had quit eating for two days and could not turn in bed without the help of his wife. The official Doctor of the Reserve said there was no hope, and the patient should not live many days longer. 755 763

This man was lying on his bed, his head was on high pillows and his legs straight out under covers. The Medicine-man turned over the bed covers enough to expose the whole of the left leg of the patient, and he sang a very weird song. Then, out of his medicine-bag he took a skin of a small weasel, and a twisted buckskin cord, about two feet in length, heavily daubed in red earth. [237] [283]

The medicine-man placed the pelt lengthwise on the exposed lap of the sick man; the head of the pelt rested on the man's knee. Then, taking the buckskin cord, he bound the weasel skin securely to the man's leg, tight enough, but not uncomfortable. He tipped the ends of two fingers in a small bag of red earth and made imprints,

[p. 172-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

tracks like the weasel makes, from the weasel's head on the patient's knee; down his leg to his foot, about six inches apart. Putting back the covers on the leg, he faced the patient and said: "This is going to decide if that White Man's words are going to be so, or not. If you are to be on your feet again, this weasel ought to free itself from the binding and follow its tracks; if not, it is too bad. Now just lay still; I will go in the other room and have a smoke."

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763 ●

In about a half hour, the medicine man came back in to take his seat at the left of the patient. It was a very trying moment for the sick man. The covers were removed from the leg, and by some strange phenomenon the lifeless thing was out of its binding and was well past the patient's foot, as if it had crawled there, to the utter surprise of the patient and his wife. The old Indian picked up his weasel and undid the cord, which was still securely tied. Putting back his things in his bag, the Indian Doctor said: "You are not going to die just yet; you will be up on your feet again in just four days." And very true.

This happened about fifteen years ago. The very sick man the white Doctor had no hope for is still alive, and he happens to be your humble servant, Red Tail Feathers [Joe Beebe's other name].

[p. 172-B]

Now, I am a christian and do not believe in superstitions, whatever. But this unaccountable thing we saw, I and my wife, is still a puzzle to us. However, seeing is believing, they say. 755
763 ●

This Medicine-Man's name was Getting Wood at Night. He died last winter.

The term *Medicine Man*, or *Medicine Woman*, describes anyone who has knowledge of the spiritual world. But among our People, such knowledge can be possessed by different individuals whom we do not necessarily refer to as Medicine Men or Women, even though they are in that category. We prefer to refer to them more specifically—holy people, doctors, or ceremonial leaders. 793
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Early white visitors learned that the People seemed to believe in the Powers of holy and medicinal things. These visitors used the term *Medicine* in their journals to describe these mysterious Powers. Thus, those called upon for help with the mysterious Powers became known as Medicine Men. A Medicine Man or Woman of the doctoring order did not necessarily belong to the Holy Order, although many belonged to both. Holy men and women inspired others to find happiness through good thoughts and a holy way of living; they offered spiritual advice and prayers. A person became a member of the Holy Order only after many years of study with older holy people. The Power of Medicine Men to doctor came only through dreams. This Power was seldom told to others and could never be transferred to anyone else. People respected the Medicine Man for all the good things he could do, but they also feared him, because they saw many times that he had Power over life and death. It was a rare thing for one of our doctors to use his Power for evil purposes, whereas it was common among the doctors of our neighbors, such as the Crees. [787]

Young people who were interested usually learned the uses of common plants, which we call "everybody's medicines," from older relatives. If [754]
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21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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and that the grass would not grow very well. 821
People then said the buffalo flowers would not 825
grow tall and the buffalo would not be fat. Buf-
falo were said to get good and fat on the buffalo
flowers.

When Sun paints both of his cheeks (when 821
two Sun Dogs, or halos, show) the weather will
turn very bad. When Sun paints his forehead and [763]●
his chin as well as his cheeks (four Sun Dogs), it
is a sign that a great man is going to die.

A rainbow during a storm meant that Thun-
der was roping the rain clouds and taking them
somewhere else, so that the storm would soon be
over.

Today the Old People say that signs of na-
ture are difficult to read because of the ways that
man has changed nature around. Atsitsina gives
this example:

*Oki, I used to hear the Old People say that
when Night Light [Moon] is lying on her back
that she is resting and that the weather will be
good. My father would say, "She is lying back
like a bowl and holding in all the rain water.
When she is finished resting, she will make it
cold or rain again."*

*When Night Light is standing all the way up,
the Old People will say that she is mad. You
better dress warm because it is going to get cold.*

*Now it is all different. These white men, they 821
are bad. They fly to the moon and they have 829
moved it. All things have changed. The weather
is not like it used to be. The things that my father
taught to me don't always work right anymore
because things change in strange ways. That is not
how things were made to be.*

THE SEVEN BROTHERS

Our Old People thought of stars as the spirits of 821
legendary People, and the names they endowed
them with suggest these origins. Most of these
legends have been forgotten, but three are still
quite well known. Two concern the two groups of [532]

[p. 200-A]

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Blood

a granary, drilled a hole in the wall, and the grain
poured out into my wagon. I spent the money on
liquor. 733
685
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Eventually the day came when I went broke.
I went to jail and my wife shackled up with other
men. I had eleven children and they went away
while I was in jail. The things I stole, which made
me act like a rich man, they all vanished. When
I got out of jail I had no place to stay. No one
cared for me. They knew I was a drunkard and
that I had lived a bad life. 159
733
[593]
[937]

But now I pray to God. I quit smoking, I quit
drinking, and I quit stealing. I became a Chris-
tian. I have a new wife. I pray with her and I
don't find life so hard. 733
797
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MY DAD, HIS NAME IS DOG CHILD

Oki, I am First Rider. Now I am going to tell
about my father and mother. My father's child-
hood name was Singing Amongst. When he grew
older, he got a different name. A girl who lived
with my father's father, she was a relative, she
strung duck beaks and duck legs and tied them
around my father's neck. Thus, he became known
by the name Duck Necklace. 551
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[301]
[237]

My father's father was Holy Descent; my father's
mother was Under Making Noise. There were
four sons: Striped Wolf, the eldest; then my
father, Duck Necklace; after him, Mistaken
Chief; and the youngest was Shoot at Close
Range. Holy Descent was ninety-seven years old
when he died; he didn't winter the three [didn't
live the final three years to become a hundred]. 551

That old man, my grandfather, as the time
came, he told his relatives exactly when he would
die. "When Morning Star comes up, then I will
depart from you." He prepared himself for his
death. He put on his good shirt, a thick, spleen-
colored material. He put on his coat, a Hudson's
Bay blanket, and his leggings, made from a Hud-
son's Bay blanket. He put his fine-cut tobacco
and his pipe beside him. Then he began to tell 763 ●

[p.235-B]

stories of the Old Way of life, as though leaving messages for us. At one point he asked, "Look out and see if Morning Star is up." An old woman, Strikes with an Axe, looked outside and said, "No, there is no sign of it yet." Then, with her face and her hands, she made a sign to the others indicating that it was up. Holy Descent said, "Oki, I am tired of sitting up, let me lie down a while, and I will tell you another story." He leaned back on his pillow and held his robe in front of his face with his right hand. The relatives waited, but he did not begin to tell another story. One of them, He Took a Gun by Mistake, said to the old man, "Please tell us your story." But there was no reaction. So he uncovered the old man's face and cried. Holy Descent was dead.

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When my father sat with my mother [when they got married in the traditional way], he worked as a seizer [policeman] at Black Rocks [Lethbridge, Alberta]. The policemen who worked with him at The Place with Many People [Blackfoot name for a town] were Slit Ear, Weasel Tail, Don't Lace His Shoes, Calf Child, Black White Man [Blackfoot name for a Negro], White Man, and Flying Chief [Joe Healy]. Their job was to patrol the borders of the Blood Reserve, checking for trespassers and illegal liquor traffic. Through this job, my father learned to speak English, working in the white way. It's the same with some white men. There are whites like That We Buy From [Blackfoot name for storekeepers] that speak good Indian.

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[191]

My mother's father was Crow Bull. He was short and husky and a powerful shot with an arrow. He chased the buffalo and shot beneath the shoulder like a real hunter. An inexperienced hunter will shoot a buffalo in the belly where there are no bones. [It required great skill to ride a speeding horse alongside a running buffalo and then draw a bow back far enough to send an arrow into the tough part under the shoulder. A shot into this area penetrated the vital organs and brought quick death.] Crow Bull could shoot an arrow right through a buffalo, beneath the shoul-

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21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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snakes drawn around its sides. John Red Crane was one of the later owners of this tipi.

Calf Shirt was the son of Spotted Bear, and he was noted for his bravery during the war days. I have not heard of any stories in which he took his rattlesnakes along to war. In 1870 it is recorded that he led a war party that killed seven Crees, and during which he captured a pipe-tomahawk. Seven Persons Creek, in southeast Alberta, is said to have been named for this incident.

There was another Blood named Calf Shirt who is sometimes confused with "Rattlesnake Calf Shirt." This other one, sometimes referred to as "Mad Calf Shirt," is thought to have been the strongest and meanest Blood that ever lived. He was a minor chief who kept his People in line by beating them up and occasionally killing them. His terrible temper was all the worse because of his fondness for liquor. He had two wives, and the older one was the only person who could control him at all. Sometimes when he was drunk she would grab him by the ear and tell him, "Listen to me, you old man!" His younger wife once tried to keep him from fighting by offering him a kiss, but he almost bit her lip off.

Mad Calf Shirt met his end at the hands of Joe Kipp and some others operating a whiskey trading post by a place called Left Bank, some ways east of Fort MacLeod. Calf Shirt entered the trading post late one night in an awful mood, demanding more liquor. The traders mixed strychnine with the brew and expected to see him drop to the ground. Instead, he became even more violent, threatening to kill those who were near him. Someone hit him over the head with an axe, from behind, but the handle broke and the axe only bloodied his head. The traders then fired several shots from close range into Calf Shirt. That ended his fighting. They dragged his body down to the frozen river, chopped a hole in the ice, and stuffed his body through. The next morning his wives went to look for him and found his body lying down, outside of the hole. They began

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

to sing his Power song which he told them would bring him back to life. Others from the camp persuaded the women to stop, for fear that Mad Calf Shirt would return even madder in the form of a grizzly bear, which was said to have been his Power.

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[533]
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WHITE WOLF

In his old age, White Wolf looked like a fierce old warrior who had never given up his thoughts about war trails. And until his death early in this century he was, indeed, one of the bravest warriors of the Old Days. Nevertheless, White Wolf is best remembered as a very kind and able holy man. He was Teacher to Natosina, who later became Teacher to Heavy Head, who was then Teacher to our Old Man.

793
[554]

White Wolf was also known by the names White Bull and One Week. The latter name was given to him because he so often said, "Rations in one week." It was the only expression he could say in English, having learned it around the agency.

[551]
[553]

Three of old White Wolf's war adventures are recorded with picture drawings on a buffalo hide in the collection at the Glenbow Museum. The story of one of the adventures goes like this:

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My partner was Pinukwiim. We went together on most of our trails. On one of these we were led by Sun Calf. There were eight of us. We went to raid the Crows, approaching their camps by going from coulee to coulee, so as not to be seen on the open prairie. Some early-morning hunters from the enemy camp spotted us just as we were going into a coulee to camp for the day. We should not have been out in the open after day-break, so close to their camp. They went back to the Crow camp and returned with more than a hundred mounted men. Meanwhile, we got busy digging a pit, because there was no place for us to escape to on foot. We used our big knives for

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[p.272-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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dark suit and white shirt, with a clean cowboy hat
or a slouch cap over his pure white hair.

Apikayi was the son of old Black Plume and
one of his wives, Black Horn, who had a number
of white relatives. His full brothers include Dick
Soup. His father's grandmother was a noted doc-
tor. She used to apply a special skunk skin to the
afflicted area of a patient's body. If the skin came
alive, the person would survive and she would
begin to doctor. If it did not come alive, she
would know there was no hope. When Apikayi
was young he was a very sickly child, so his great-
grandmother used her sacred skin to check him.
It came alive, so she told his parents that he
would grow to become an adult. Later she gave
him the skin, as well as the name. He used to tie
it to his braids, when he still had them.

Apikayi was once a leader of our sacred cere-
monies, but not this past winter, due to conflicts
with some of our Old People. He has often been
criticized for mixing up the songs of various cere-
monies, and for leading ceremonies that were not
actually transferred to him. He and several rela-
tives sold their sacred Bundles, which made him
unpopular. His active participation in various
other religions added to his unpopularity. Here is
what he says about all that:

*I haven't quit going to our ceremonies for
good, even though the People are saying that I
have given up the Old Ways. That isn't true.
I once had a dream that told me I would grow
old by them. I was praying very hard and I left
my body. I went far into the Above. There was a
yellow-painted tipi there and I was invited in.
The people in the tipi told me that I would live
to be a hundred by keeping up my Old Ways and
by leading all the ceremonies that I am asked to
lead. I am looking forward to seeing if my dream
will come true. I am still very healthy at my old
age.*

*The reason why I have quit going to cere-
monies lately is because some of the People don't*

A. [i.e., the name Apikayi, or "skunk"--Analyst]
[P. 334-B]

Epilogue

Time has passed since the Sun Dance Encampment of 1972, when I sat and wrote down the stories that make up this book. The Sun Dance Encampment for 1976 will soon be set up on the Belly Buttes. 101

The Old Man is gone now. Last spring, when he opened our Medicine Pipe Bundle, he said: "This will be the last time that I open a Medicine Pipe. . . . Next year someone else will have to do it for you." During last summer's encampment he came only for a brief visit. He sat with us, among the crowd of spectators, as the Horns Society gave their public dance. The leader of the society brought his swan-skin-covered staff and asked the Old Man to call out the four required coups and to give his blessings. For the last time the Old Man held the Powerful staff that once was his. It was his last ceremonial appearance. 793

The summer before that, the Old Man had given a special name to our new son. "Heard Again," the Old Man called him. During the naming he said: "When the Spirit came to give me Power I didn't hear him right the first time, but I heard him very well when he came again." To celebrate his being born during the Sun Dance Encampment, we gave our boy the official first name of Okan. 793 553 [787]

Last fall, while the Old Man was making his final efforts to remain on this Earth, another son was born to us. To honor the Old Man's spiritual ties with sacred stones, Iniskims, we gave this boy

1918.]

Wissler, Blackfoot. Sun Dance.

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stating that if brought home safely he will sacrifice a finger. This sacrifice can be made at any time; either when on the warpath or when at home in camp or at the sun dance. In such cases, the finger is offered to the sun in the precise manner as the pieces of skin described above.

There are, however, occasions upon which fingers are cut off that are not offerings to the sun. Thus, people who are in mourning sometimes sacrifice a finger. In those cases it is usual to call upon some old woman who is skilled in the amputation. She cuts off the finger, usually reciting a kind of ritual, but it is not offered to the sun. It is simply thrown away. Then again babies' fingers are sometimes cut off to give the child good luck. Thus, if a woman lost many children she would call upon an old woman to make the sacrifice for her newly born. In this case, the tip end of a finger is cut off and wrapped up in a piece of meat which the mother is required to swallow. This is supposed to insure the child's living to maturity. It had no connection with the sun.

I have told you how men are called upon to cut off pieces of skin and how certain old women were selected to amputate fingers. You should also know that in olden times there were some women and men who might be called upon to cut open dead persons for various reasons. Sometimes they did this on their own account in order to get information as to the cause of death.

These accounts show for one thing that the cutting ceremony in the sun dance is but one of a type of blood and flesh offerings made to the sun, in fulfillment of a vow. The sacrifice of a finger is more frequent and less specialized, though frequently done at the sun dance. Then comes the very frequent offering of bits of skin, a sacrifice common in war raids at all times. The offering of bits of skin in the precise manner described here is found elsewhere in the Plains. The writer has observed men so scarred among several divisions of the Dakota. The method of removing the skin was here the same as followed by the Blackfoot. The thrusting in of the awl has a curious similarity to the cutting and skewering in the sun dance; one may even be pardoned for wondering if it did not so arise.

SUN DANCE SONGS.

Two songs have a special place in the ceremony. They are sung by the men as they ride into camp with the willows for the hundred-willow sweat-house. They are sung again when the procession of pole raisers moves up to raise the sun pole. Formerly, they were sung by any considerable body of the tribe approaching the camp of strange Indians. Likewise, when they approached a post to open trade.¹

Red-plume, a Piegan, has a smudge stick on which are notches said

¹ For musical notation see McClintock, Walter. *The Old North Trail, or Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfoot Indians* (London, 1910), 311.

BLACKFEET AND BUFFALO

000 shale, and was still. Cried Yellow Fish, in Blackfoot, "Oh, Ho, Hai! This Fisher Hat, he did not kneel and rest his gun; just stood and aimed it, and with one shot killed the very far-off bighead."

Translating that for Grinnell, I added: "And so, appropriately, this where we are gets a name: it is Singleshot Mountain." That is the name it bears today.

The ram proved to be full grown, and very fat. Its head and horns alone were a heavy burden for one man. With it, and all the meat that we could carry, we turned back down to camp and had a feast of well-broiled ribs.

224 We found that there was a well-used Indian and game trail run-
487 ning up the west side of the upper lake. It was not used by the Black-
foot tribes, except occasional war parties of them, Yellow Fish told us. It was a trail of other-side-of-the-mountains tribes: Kutenais, Kalispels, Spokanes; and of the North Cutthroats (the Stonies), a mountain tribe of Assiniboines in Alberta. Blackfeet, Bloods, and [461] Pikunis never had been mountain hunters. They had not liked to climb steep mountains for the meat they wanted, when on horseback they could run herds of buffalo and make great killings of them.

000 On a very warm, windless morning we took up this trail and, having followed it for about five miles, came to a creek that headed up back of Singleshot Mountain and the next one south of it. Saying that he would go well up the creek and try to kill a goat or bighorn, Yellow Fish started up it; Grinnell and I strolled down to the lake, sat on a long point running out in it, admired the view that we had of the mountains to the east and south, and talked of this and that, regretting that we had no saddle horses. Grinnell vowed that he would return a year from then, when, with a complete saddle and pack outfit, we would explore the source of Swift Current River. Passed several hours, and then Yellow Fish, up in the mountains, began shooting. Fourteen shots, as fast as he could work the lever of his Henry rifle; a pause, and then fourteen more shots; another pause, and then, more slowly, still other shots. He was, we thought, making a great killing of bighorns or goats, and we were much worried about it. We did not believe in killing game that was not actually 763
224 needed for food or for museum placement and study. We returned

Hunts in the Rockies with George Bird Grinnell (1884)

to camp, and an hour or so later Yellow Fish came plodding in, silent, face drawn and sad, and slumped down upon his bedding. 763 224

"Well, what luck?" I asked.

"None. I shot all of my cartridges at a band of white big-heads, killed not one of them," he groaned.

"But you are a good shot; none better. It must be that the sights of your gun are out of place," I offered.

"No. Gun is all right. That every shot I fired failed to kill was a warning to me, a sure warning that some relative, someone dear to me, is dead," dejectedly he answered. And, though hard we tried, we could not turn him from that belief. Such warnings were well known, he said, and he named several hunters who had had that experience: missed, time and time again, game at close range that they had shot at, and, returning home, found that someone dear had died.

Said Grinnell: "Well, friend Yellow Fish, though you had bad luck, your hunt was not all for nothing. That little stream you followed up to where it heads, we name for you. From now on, it is Yellow Fish Creek, and next north of it is Yellow Fish Mountain.

Later, when we arrived at the agency, we learned that, early on the morning of the day of Yellow Fish's unsuccessful hunt, his mother had died. And he said to me: "*Apikuni*, now you know that my warning was true. It is that we Lone People (Indians) receive messages from our gods that the whites are never given by their different kind of gods."

For years the names that we had given to the scene of Yellow Fish's unsuccessful hunt remained. But the map makers of Glacier National Park, United States Geological Survey, in 1912 changed them, to our great disgust, to Whitefish Mountain and Roes Creek. 000

On that trip in 1885 we named one more outstanding feature of the region; Divide Mountain; the high, sharp-crested peak at the long ridge running eastward to the headwaters of the Mississippi and between the streams flowing to the Missouri and to the Saskatchewan; in other words, the dividing ridge between the waters of the Atlantic and the Arctic oceans. And that name remains. 133

The longer we remained at the lakes the more we regretted our lack of an outfit for exploring our surroundings of mountains and 000

539 nióanaists áuapatsistaniskapatòmi-
775 anaists. Kenniksi n8xkaikamotàii
[153] otsiksistotoauàiks. A'istunnimiàu
paxkaimóists, okúyists paxksimi-
sikiàists. Túkskzmiks ápaðkaiks,
maiáiuauaiks mataiámapiksistsiau-
aiks. Kokúsi áinoaiàu, 8xpakúyi-
suyiàu. Sipýápoχkitòpauki, ma-
taschétsiau ponoká mitaiks. Itái-
nisiau matápika. A'ioχðaiàu, ái-
imisàu. A'uxkuniau: ú'ú'ú'ú. A'íimiau, áiksiksimimiau. Moyists
mátsiaipimiau. Mánistàmiks á-
ætòkiauaiks. Itsinitatsiau ksax-
kúu. Niétzχtaists, atsoáskuists
ánnistakaie itápiupiau.

some other people they would pull back their tongues [into their throats]. And some of the people, they had done that to, would be saved. They [the ghosts] are afraid of anything that smells bad, [e. g.] hair that smells bad when it is burned. They would throw the robes of some people, that were sleeping about, eastward. They are seen in the night, as if they were burning. If we are riding around in the night, they scare the horses too. Then the people will fall off. They are heard, that they laugh. They make the noise: ú'ú'ú'ú. [When] they laugh, they laugh as if they were whistling. They will also enter the lodges. They make noise by hitting the lodge-poles. They are all over the world. The rivers and the forests, there it is, that they stay about.

539 Stáikiksi áioχtoχkoχsiks má-
775 ksinisau, kokúsi máksinisau, ák-
• 763 stamapinàku, natósina aipisp-
753 akapis, maiái ainoási, ákitokakíu.
A'iaua iníu, mátsikamotáu. Má-
taisamòu ákaskχsaioχtoyiau stá-
aiks. Kokúsi sakiáupis, ákitox-
timíu, ninix'kátaiix'k. Saá'χts
otákanikaie: A'umatauop. A'ka-
539 nistsiaúie: Nitáungatòt. Kenniksi
775 stáikiks, sauumáisokápsaisiàu,
753 ákstaminoyiàu, onik natápiin
itsipimín. A'ksokápaisapiu, áno
otánistutòkaie. Matúkoχkoikíu
oúpspiks, mátákaiápiuats. Ki omá
stáik áskχsaioχtoχkoχsin, saki-
áupis moyisi, saá'χts ákitsisoi-
noyiunie. A'kitsauatokákin. A'ki-

When some sick people are going to die — if they are dying in the night —, if the next morning, when the sun rises high, [the sick person] sees his robe, then he will be allright. Somebody [who] is dying, will be saved. After a short while [the sick] will always hear ghosts. When [a sick person] is still sitting in the night, then he will hear, that his name is called. Somebody [a ghost] outside will tell him: Let us go. He [the sick person] will say to [the ghost]: Go by yourself. And some others, before they can see well, will see, there is a person coming in.

159 under any circumstances, use red paint on your blanket." The
778 medicine articles which I purchased from the Thunder Medi-
796 cine Man included a drum, some medicine bells, and a small
[756] piece of metal.

[432] Later on [in the fall of the year 1901] I went through a
ceremony with Flat Tail and Drags His Robe in order to pur-
[432] chase a medicine pipe bundle. This bundle contained two
medicine pipes. One pipe came from Sun; the other pipe came
from Thunder.

159 During the Pipe Ceremony I used red paint on my blanket,
796 and that same night I had a dream in which two men came
787 to my house to visit me. They said that I had been warned not
• 763 to use red paint, and since I had ignored the warning they
784 were going to punish me by taking away my first child, my little
[776] girl. They said that they would be back to let me know when
they were going to take my daughter away from me. The men
did not tell me who they were, but I knew that they were
Thunder and Sun.

159 I went with my friend Many Guns to visit the Bloods over
484 in Canada [a customary response of the Plains Indian to an
154 emotional crisis was the paying of a visit to a distant relative
763 or close friend; this custom is adhered to by the Blackfoot In-
dian even today], and while I was in Canada word reached me
that my daughter was very ill. I returned home immediately.

159 At that time I was still living near the main fork of Cut Bank
763 Creek. When I arrived at my house, my father was holding my
[759] little girl in his lap. Earrings, who was an Indian doctor, was
attempting to treat the child, but as soon as I entered my baby
ran to me and clung to me.

159 That night I dreamed that the same two men came to me and
763 told me that very soon now they would be coming for my child.
787 In the same dream I saw a rider coming. The two men pointed
to the rider and said, "We want your daughter, and we want
that rider too." The rider was Mad Wolf. My daughter died
the next day. Mad Wolf died four days later.

159 The drum that I had received from the Thunder Medicine
778 Man had been the favorite plaything of my little girl. After
my child's death I could no longer bear even to look at the
drum, so I threw it into the creek.

The following year I attended a Medicine Lodge above
Browning. The Holy Woman was Snake Woman, the wife of
Morning Gun. There had been a flood that spring, and when